

SERIAL
STORYThe
Isolated
ContinentA Romance of the
FutureBy
Guido von Horvath
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SYNOPSIS.

For fifty years the continent of North America had been isolated from the rest of the world by the use of Z-rays, a wonderful invention of Hannibal Prudent. The invention had saved the country from foreign invasion, and the continent had been united under one government with Prudent as president. For half a century peace and prosperity reigned in this part of the world. The story opens with Prudent critically ill. His death is hastened by the receipt of a message from Count von Werdenstein of Germany that he has at last succeeded in penetrating the rays. Dying, he warns his daughter Astra that this means a foreign invasion. He tells her to hurry to the island of Clirynth, but dies before he can tell the location of the place. Astra is nominated for the presidency by the continental party. Napoleon Edison calls on Astra, informs her that he was a pupil of her father's, and promises to help her. He gives her a ring made of a newly discovered substance which, he says, will solve the problem of flying.

CHAPTER IV.

Europe.

The Zugspitze is the highest peak in Germany; it belongs to the Alps and a panorama can be seen from the perpetually snow-covered summit that is worth while. At the foot of this giant is the town of Partenkirchen, a great place for tourists, but since the isolation of the American continent the number of visitors has diminished somewhat.

One crisp December morning a tall young man on skis slid down from one of the snow-covered side hills of the Zugspitze. He wore an Alpine costume and carried on his back the usual satchel of the mountain climber. The sack evidently was heavy, yet he carried it easily.

The early sportsman stopped for a second or two just about the Tirolean and Bavarian border. After a short meditation, he started forward, and with the agility of a master of the sport slid downward, jumping down steep slopes, and soon landed in the valley. He took a peculiar field glass from his knapsack and directed it toward the great peak, moving it until he found a spot that looked to the unaided eye like a red dot on the mountain side. It was the deserted castle of the great Prince Lupold, once reigning prince of the kingdom of Bavaria.

When he had focused the glass, he saw a round, ruddy cheeked man rubbing his hands vigorously.

"It must be somewhat cool there," smiled the sportsman.

He drew a red handkerchief and made some circular movements in the air with the fluttering linen, always watching through his glass. Then, with a satisfied expression, he placed the glass and kerchief in their respective places and started toward the town.

The narrow, winding streets were almost deserted and he used his skis even through the town.

There were several hotels around the square; the Golden Eagle and the Red Star were the most promising looking, and he selected the latter. Unfastening the straps of the skis, he cast them over his shoulder and entered the famous old hotel.

At the sound of the stranger's footsteps in the hall a big, white-aproned man, whose head was covered with a Turkish fez, appeared in the doorway at the end of the hall; in his right hand he held a murderous looking knife and in the left a fork. He greeted the newcomer with great respect; it was surprising to see a guest at this time of the year. The man of the skis leaned his knapsack and the skis against the wall and said, "Guten morgen, Herr Wirth!"

The big German threw fork and knife on a table and rubbing his hands on his apron to remove the grease, took the stranger's sack and carried it into the office. There he put a long, official blank of reporting paper before him, together with pen and ink.

It took a long time for the stranger to fill out the somewhat important questions, but at last it was done. On the last line he wrote in large, round characters the name:

"Chevalier Sonapo E. di Leon."

"What can I do for you, chevalier?" asked the hotel-keeper, who had used the time to remove his apron and put on a clean coat.

"First of all, I want some breakfast, then a room, as I would like to spend a few days here."

The host's face shone with pleasure and he led his guest into the small dining-room.

The chevalier's eyes wandered around searchingly; they seemed to penetrate into every nook and corner.

The host returned, followed by a girl, who put a snow-white cover on one of the tables, then steaming hot rolls were brought in with coffee, but, honey and some eggs.

The chevalier ate heartily; the early morning exercise had given him a

splendid appetite. When he had finished, the host offered him some cigars, but he smilingly refused, assuring him that he never used them.

"They are real Saharan, chevalier."

"Saharan? Is that a new brand?"

"Not exactly; we have had it for ten years, ever since the successful irrigation of the desert. I understand that it is even better than the once famous Havana."

The stranger looked at the host thoughtfully, then with some hesitation he asked:

"What is the name of the engineer who planned that project? I have quite forgotten."

"You are not a German, chevalier, otherwise you would know the man whom all the German-speaking nations regard with hope; his name is Count von Werdenstein."

The young man started, but recovered himself quickly. "How foolish, I have nearly split my coffee. Yes, Werdenstein; I remember the name now."

"He is our Bismarck, Moltke and Edison, in one person."

The young man stared at the host for a second. "Quite a remarkable man."

"Indeed, sir, he was selected as commander in chief by the International Federation, for the war against America."

"I am sure it is a very happy selection."

"Well, sir, he is a great man indeed, but I do wish, and I am sure many others wish so too, that instead of militarism, he would devote his energies to the betterment of the people."

"To industrial, agricultural and financial developments; is that what you mean?"

"Yes, sir, and above all else, to lifting the burdens from the citizens. You know what we have to suffer under this terrible military rule."

"I am a stranger, my dear host; I came from where the coffee and slender palms grow, so I don't know much about the happenings around here. However, I am interested and pray that you tell me more."

The good host of the Red Star was happy to find some one who was glad to listen to his talk; this stranger even took his notebook out and dashed some interesting details into it.

Later on he found a queer little newspaper, the Koelnische Zeitung, and read the news section with much interest.

The same morning he inquired for the best tailor in town and Herr Schulz, the host, telephoned for him. When the little tailor arrived he took measurements, showed fashion plates and goods, but the chevalier left the selection to him, stipulating that all he wanted was the latest in everything.

The tailor touched the cloth the chevalier's Alpine coat was made of and examined it closely with an air of surprise. "This is something new to me," he said at last. "I never saw a weave like this." He looked questioning at the chevalier, but he seemed to be busy with the fashion plates and did not answer. However, at the tailor's request, he removed his coat and that little man looked searchingly at the lining, hoping to find the maker's name. His eyes grew large when he saw a small tag bearing the name of a Chicago manufacturer.

Three days later the new clothes were ready; the Chevalier di Leon paid for them in gold. It did not matter that the mint stamp was quite old; indeed, some were of the nineteenth century, and none of the pieces were later than 1919. The curious little tailor noticed this fact, also; he shook his head again, but kept quiet. That quality was still golden.

The same evening the stranger left by the slow local train for Munich,



A Tall Young Man on Skis Slid Down From One of the Snow-Covered Side Hills.

that old art center. He selected a promising hotel and was soon settled for the night.

Upon his inquiry for the quickest route to Berlin the Aero-Electric Line was suggested. It made the trip in six hours. "It is quite ingenious," thought the chevalier. Four tremendous cigar-shaped aluminum balloons were attached to each other; the whole aerial train was at least 500 yards long. The first and the last balloons had very high powered dynamos, and both were connected with some ingenious device to the rail that was supported on tall iron columns.

"Not a bad idea," thought the chevalier as he mounted the Aero-Electric the next morning. "It is in some way similar to the old electric car system; they economize on the rails and the roadbed, but let me see—the gas? Yes, it pays, after all, and it is quicker."

The chevalier selected a place where he was able to see both sides of the train, and took out his field glass. It was cold on the upper deck, but he did not pay much attention to that; he was too busy watching the country below.

He saw many interesting things with his extremely powerful glass, but at almost every town that they passed he observed military maneuvers, notwithstanding the cold and deep snow. "Oh, what a waste!" he thought, then retired into the large saloon, because the wind had risen and was unpleasantly cold.

He sat down at the reading table and looked through a number of periodicals. There he found pictures of almost all the monarchs and also a very good picture of Count von Werdenstein. Just below this picture was an article that did not speak very highly of this genius. The paper was ultra-socialistically inclined, and the article pointed out the futility of the militarism of which the count was the advocate.

The chevalier took out his little notebook and wrote the name of the author there. The paper was edited in Berlin and he did not anticipate much trouble in finding Paul Kalmár through the editorial office.

The aero-train was half an hour late on account of the high wind, but finally arrived.

The traveler took a taxicab and at random told the chauffeur to drive to the Metropole Hotel. It was one of the old-fashioned places left over from the nineteenth century, but it was excellently equipped with all modern improvements.

The Chevalier di Leon did not stay long in his rooms, but after a short consultation with the clerk left the hotel and mingled with the crowds on the street.

The beautifully decorated stores showed Christmas splendors and luxuries. The ancient beauty of the town impressed him. At one end of the park stood a magnificent equestrian monument of colossal size. The horse was bounding forward; the face, with upturned mustache and fierce eyes was familiar. All the muses of art and science were gathered about the base in a fantastic but expressive manner—but, in front of them, holding the most prominent position, was Mars! The chevalier shrugged his shoulders. "It does seem that monarchism cannot exist without the sword."

The palace guard marched by a company of the 221st infantry regiment. Their helmets glittered, they wore grayish cuirasses, and carried clumsy looking rifles; they had no bayonets, but short pistols in their belts. The music boomed in warlike tones and the uniformed men marched in stiff, unnaturally long steps. The chevalier shook his head again, and turned sadly into a side street.

At the editorial rooms of the *Freie Gedanken* he went to his card to a attendant and asked to see Herr Paul Kalmár. "Are you a poet?" the boy asked inquisitively.

"No, indeed, not even an author."

This seemed to please the boy, who hurried away; he soon came back with a smile. "Third door to the right."

The next moment Chevalier di Leon stood before Herr Paul Kalmár, who invited him to be seated. The ultra-socialist was a mild, calm giant with very light brown hair, but his greenish eyes held sparks of courage and dogged determination.

The tall chevalier seemed to impress him favorably, and he listened with a quiet air.

"I have come from afar to see you, Herr Kalmár. I read your article about Count von Werdenstein, and as I have an idea that probably will influence the count to preach peace instead of war, I wish you would kindly listen to me and give me your advice."

"I also am a man who wants peace. Chevalier di Leon, and I will be glad to discuss that theme with you; if you will give me a few minutes' time I will take you to the Cafe American and we can talk and eat at the same time."

"I am sure it will please me very much."

Half an hour later they were on the balcony of the famous Cafe American in a cosy corner among the palms and vines.

The big German ordered an epicurean lunch with Mosel wine; he listened attentively and ate with a relish. The chevalier's words seemed to meet with his approval.

"To prove my good will, to win his influence, I am willing to give him the secret of gold manufacturing."

These words were said so enthusiastically that a beautifully dressed woman who sat at the neighboring table looked up from her plate and gazed at the bright-eyed chevalier.

"Not so loud, my dear man, not so loud; even the walls have ears."

The advice came somewhat late, for the woman already had noted the chevalier's words, and now she watched them from beneath her long, silky eyelashes, but it was in vain; she could not hear another word.

After the long lunch Herr Kalmár and the chevalier entered a taxicab.

"To the palace of the honorable chancellor, Count von Werdenstein," thundered Kalmár in the ear of the taxi driver.

Mr. Kalmár seemed to know how to reach his excellency, the iron-handed chancellor, as a gorgeously liveried attendant soon conducted them into the presence of the man they sought.

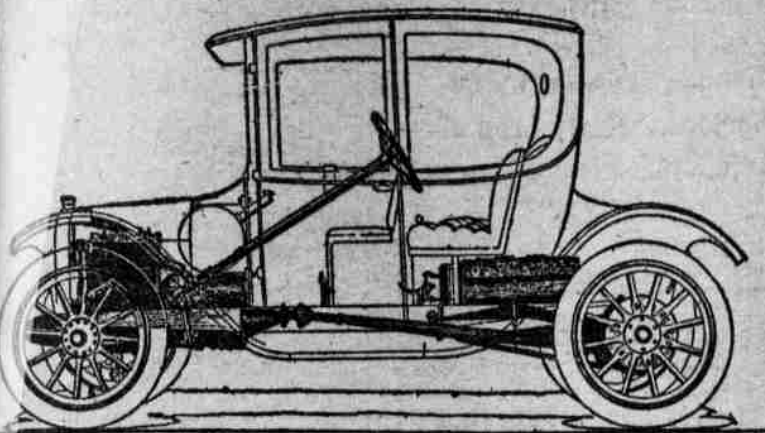
Chevalier di Leon stopped for a moment when he beheld the man whose face he had seen only in print; he stopped with a trace of caution in his manner.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Reasons Philosophically.

"If a man is not actually a lover, he likes to marry the woman who will cause him the least bother."—"The Decoy Duck," by a Pez.

POWER FROM GASOLINE OR ELECTRICITY



VEHICLE USES GASOLINE OR ELECTRICITY.

vehicle, propelled by a gasoline motor, an electric motor or both at the same time, appeared recently. The car is said to be the beginning of a new era in motor construction.

The power plant of the car consists of a small four-cylinder gasoline motor and an electric motor-generator combined into one unit. The movement of a finger lever on the steering wheel connects the gasoline motor to the electric generator, which cranks the engine. Power is transmitted through the armature shaft of the electric motor and propeller shaft direct to the axle.

There are two levers on the steering wheel, corresponding to the spark and throttle on the ordinary car. One controls the speed of the gasoline motor and the other the electric motor.

At any advanced position of the electric lever, the first movement of the gasoline lever starts the gasoline motor. As the lever is moved forward it

causes the car to be operated more and more on the gasoline. At a certain point it will run as a straight gasoline car, neither charging nor discharging the battery. Further advance uses the excess power to charge the battery. Using both motors the car will develop a speed of 40 miles an hour.

The points of the car are described in this way:

It may run as an electric, with any of the advantages possessed by an electric. It may travel as a straight gas car. It may travel on both gasoline and electric power at the same time, with the same simplicity of operation. The gas engine charges the battery.

The car has all the luxuries of the higher class cars which have been produced for years and looks like a gasoline car. It has no transmission, there is no shifting of gears and the clutch is operated by electricity. The makers say it will travel through mud.

KEEPING CAR CLEAN

Many People Pay Little Attention to Appearances.

SMALL PARTICLES CUT METAL

Good Washing With Soap and Water Will Save Many Dollars in Repair Bills—Avoid Soap on Highly Polished Body.

Some people pay little attention to the appearance of their cars, washing and polishing only on rare occasions. Cleaning and polishing is necessary not only because it makes the car look better but because it increases its life and makes for smooth running. Writes H. A. Tarantous of New York in Orange Judd Farmer. Mud and dirt on the running gear parts, such as brakes, universals, etc., would be perfectly harmless if it remained away from the working parts. However, the small particles work their way to the moving parts and cut the metal. This applies to the steering system also.

A good cleaning of the running gear with soft soap and water whenever the mud accumulates will save many dollars in repair bills. Use tepid water and be free with it. A large sponge well soaped should be used to free the mud from its lodgings. Do not use this same sponge for the body because the small particles of sand will cut the finish. Use soft cloth for cleaning.

Be Careful With Hose.

In using a hose around the car be as careful as possible not to get water into the brake drums and other parts. If a little care is exercised the water can be kept away. Use the sponge for these places to free the mud. In washing the radiator direct the stream of the water from the rear with the hood lifted or off. If this is done no water will get onto the motor and possibly into the magneto and carburetor. Clean the steering knuckles and even the rear axle housing. After the running gear is clean proceed with the body.

Never use soap on a highly polished body. Nothing but water should be used. If there are mud spots they should be soaked off with water. If you rub the mud while it is hard it will cause scratching of the varnish.

Apply a Polish.

When the body has thoroughly dried apply a polish of some sort. The wax polishes are good, and if applied once a week will make the cars always look bright. Liquid polishes which are sprayed upon the body can be applied in about one-half hour. No rubbing is necessary with these polishes. A wiping after applying is all that is needed.

For the upholstery use a mixture of half linseed oil and half vinegar for brightening up the leather. Apply it with a cloth and allow it to remain untouched for about an hour. Then wipe the upholstery again, so as to remove any chance of soiling the clothes of the passengers.

CARE FOR UNIVERSAL JOINTS

They Are Hard to Get at and Always Dirty—Wear Rapidly if Not Properly Lubricated.

Do not neglect the universal joints on the car. They are hard to get at and are always dirty. But they must be properly lubricated or they will wear rapidly. When they wear they become noisy and reproach you for neglecting them, as they give a loud clump every time the clutch is let in.

JACK OPERATED BY A CHAIN

Saves Motorist From Getting Under Car, Saving Hands and Clothing From Dirt and Grease.

Getting in underneath the car with a jack, when use of such an appliance is necessary, is often accompanied by getting the hands and clothing greasy and dirt-stained. Furthermore, some jack handles are likely to fly up, letting the car down with a bang and perhaps causing injury to the motorist. A new type is operated by a chain. When the jack is in place under the axle, hauling up the chain elevates the car. Pulling the other way lets the car down, and when the jack is no longer needed it can be drawn out from under the automobile, again by the chain. The



Chain-Driven Jack.

Jack has a strong cap, affording good support to the axle and a broad base to avoid upsetting. These jacks for touring cars, with a lifting capacity of one ton, come in 8, 10 and 12-inch sizes. When raised, the heights are respectively 12½, 15½ and 18½ inches. An auxiliary step on the 8 and 10-inch sizes adds two inches greater height. The price of all three is the same, \$5.

SELF-SERVICE GARAGE PLAN

Automobile Owner Can Make Repairs in Separate Compartment—Tools Also Furnished.

The self-service idea has invaded the realm of the garage, says Popular Mechanics. Just as one can enter certain restaurants or groceries and help himself and be charged with what he gets, so now a car owner can take his automobile into one of the separate compartments provided in a Seattle garage, procure tools at the garage office, and do his own repairing. When he has finished he returns the tools to the office and is charged according to the time he has occupied the room and for the tools he has used. These private repair spaces can be locked so that one can safely leave his work and return and finish it later. If a helper is desired, one can be secured at a specified rate.

GOOD ADVICE TO MOTORISTS

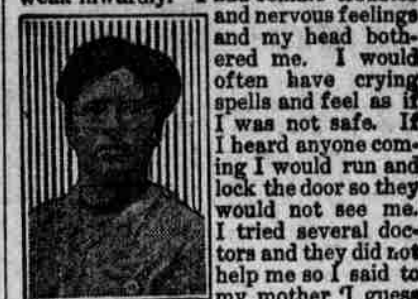
Police Commissioner Woods of New York City Says Don't Rely Too Much on Auto Horn.

The precaution enjoined by Police Commissioner Woods of New York city on owners of motor trucks, "Don't allow your driver to rely too much on the horn," might be accepted by motor-car owners generally, to the advantage of all concerned, says Christian Science Monitor. A widespread observance of this direction would afford excellent discipline for the drivers, as well as increased safety for pedestrians, and would mitigate the noise on the city streets.

SICK WOMAN HAD
CRYING SPELLS

Restored to Health by Lydia
E. Pinkham's Vegetable
Compound.

Enbaur, Pa.—"I was all run down and weak inwardly. I had female troubles and nervous feelings and my head bothered me. I would often have crying spells and feel as if I was not safe. If I heard anyone coming I would run and lock the door so they would not see me. I tried several doctors and they did not help me so I said to my mother 'I guess I will have to die as there is no help for me.' She got me one of your little books and my husband said I should try one bottle. I stopped the doctor's medicine and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It soon made a change in me and now I am strong and do all my work."—Mrs. AUGUSTUS BAUGHMAN, Box 86, Enbaur, Pa.



Why will women continue to suffer day in and day out and drag out a sickly, half-hearted existence, missing three-fourths of the joy of living, when they can find health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound? If you would like free confidential advice address Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
A toilet preparation of merit.
Helps to eradicate dandruff.
For Restoring Color and
Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair.
50c and \$1.00 at Drugists.



PATENTS Watson E. Coleman,
Patent Lawyer, Washington,
D. C. Advice and books free.
Rates reasonable. Highest references. Best service.

Serious Work to Do.
"Are you going to take any city borders this summer?"

"No," replied Farmer Cobbles. "Me and th' hired men will be so busy raisin' food crops that we won't be able to entertain 'em with our quaint rural dialect and unsophisticated ways."

PAIN? NOT A BIT!
LIFT YOUR CORNS
OR CALLUSES OFF

No humbug! Apply few drops then just lift them away with fingers.

This new drug is an ether compound discovered by a Cincinnati chemist. It is called freezeone, and can now be obtained in tiny bottles as here shown at very little cost from any drug store. Just ask for freezeone. Apply a drop or two directly upon a tender corn or callus and instantly the soreness disappears. Shortly you will find the corn or callus so loose that you can lift it off, root and all, with the fingers.

Not a twinge of pain, soreness or irritation; not even the slightest smarting, either when applying freezeone or afterwards.

This drug doesn't eat up the corn or callus, but shrivels them so they loosen and come right out. It is no humbug! It works like a charm. For a few cents you can get rid of every hard corn, soft corn or corn between the toes, as well as painful calluses on bottom of your feet. It never disappoints and never burns, bites or inflames. If your druggist hasn't any freezeone yet, tell him to get a little bottle for you from his wholesale house.—adv.

Supersensitive.
"What are you worrying about?"
"If I eat eggs I think about the chickens they would have produced, and if I eat chickens I think about the eggs they might have laid; and it's becoming difficult for me to enjoy anything."

Man punishes his stomach with what he puts in it and woman punishes her feet with what she jams them into.

Nerves All On Edge?

Just as nerve wear is a case of kidney weakness, so is kidney trouble a cause of nervousness. Anyone who has backache, nervousness, "blues," headaches, dizzy spells, urinary ills and a tired, worn feeling, would do well to try Doan's Kidney Pills. This safe, reliable remedy is recommended by thousands who have had relief from just such troubles.

An Ohio Case
Mrs. H. Dehm,
1232 Fitchland Ave.,
Toledo, Ohio, says:
"My kidneys were
disordered a n d
when I was sweep-
ing, sharp pains
darted all through
my body. A thro-
bbing feeling came over
me, too. I had lit-
tle ambition and
was subject to diz-
zy spells and pains
in my head. Three
boxes of Doan's
Kidney Pills cured all this trouble."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.